

Mine Host Baron Puttkamer, A NEPHEW OF BISMARCK IN NEW YORK. And His Adventurous Career as a Soldier in the German and Turkish Armies.

Now a Harlem Boarding House Keeper.

Herr Puttkamer, nephew of Bismarck, of noble birth and hero of many a bloody battlefield—Francis William Baron Von Puttkamer, to give him his full name and title—a warrior of four desperate wars, personal friend of royalty and a man who has crowded as many exciting chapters of life in his fifty-six years as any ten ordinary men—Herr Puttkamer is now a New Yorker, and, with his comely wife, keeps a little boarding house on West One Hundred and Twenty-third street.

With his snow-white hair, mutton-chop whiskers and the military bearing of a West Pointer, Herr Puttkamer is a notable personage anywhere, but in all New York, among all the cosmopolitan notables who come and go in this cosmopolitan town, there is none who has seen quite so much of active life as the modest Harlem boarding house host.

Born in the palace of Stralsund, on the Esse, Pomerania, Prussia, in 1840, his family was one of the ruling houses, and as sponsors he had two nobles of the court. At the court of William I, then ruling over Prussia, he was sent to be a page, later attending the cadet schools at Kulin and Berlin. He was a page at the wedding of King Frederick III. and Princess Victoria of England, and at twelve was appointed ensign in the Fifth Hussars, the imperial body guard, the famous "Bücher" regiment, named after Blücher, of Waterloo.

At eighteen he fought a duel, killing his man. One night on the street he encountered three students. They were evidently intoxicated. One of them, named Von Berensprung, remarked, as he knocked the ashes off his cigar by hitting it against Puttkamer's epaulet: "I am glad I have an officer for an ashpman." Puttkamer slapped the fellow in the face. Cards were exchanged and the next morning a duel was arranged. Berensprung was the son of the Prince of Posen. They met on the field of honor, pistols being the weapons. Puttkamer shot in the air, but his opponent sent a bullet through the soldier's hat. The seconds interfered, but Berensprung was not satisfied. In the next round both men fired to kill, and Puttkamer shot Berensprung through the brain. For this he was arrested, tried and imprisoned for three years.

Being released in 1863 he joined his regiment in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, and later fought in the Prussian-Austrian conflict.

In 1868 the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Aziz, sent a request to King William I, asking him for some brilliant young officers of the German Army. The Sultan needed instructors for his troops. Puttkamer was selected as chief of staff. His uncle, Baron von Kasser-Lengke, was then German Ambassador at Constantinople.

When the young officer arrived at the court of the Sultan he was treated with honor. The "Head of the Embassy" granted him many privileges, and presently he found himself a favorite of the Sultan. He was permitted to decide which branch of the service he would instruct, and he chose the Christian cavalry. There was a brigade known as the "Garde-Kossaken," which is similar in purpose to the Foreign Legion in the service of France. This "Garde-Kossaken" comprised the foreign soldiers of fortune recruited from the adventurous spirits of all nations. There were many titled Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen there, and even a few American youths drifted into the ranks. The "Garde-Kossaken" was originally a remnant of the army of Kossuth and Bem, the Hungarian patriots.

Rifat-Bey was Minister of War when Puttkamer reached Constantinople, and he took a decided fancy to young Baron. Rifat intimated that he must possess not alone a manly bearing in dealing with the officers and men of the "Garde Kossaken," but he must be able to converse with them in their own language.

"What language?" asked Puttkamer.
"Every language in use in Europe," was the reply.
It so happened that Puttkamer was an excellent linguist and master of twelve languages.



NEW YORK HAS ANOTHER BIG FOUR---ALL BABIES.

New York State's latest Big Four is the quartet of babies born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Garneret, whose home, a neat cottage at The Forks, near Cheektowaga, has been brightened recently by their advent. They are in some ways the most interesting acquisition of pink and white humanity yet forwarded over the celestial mundane route. Not only were they preceded by twins eighteen months ago, but they are part of a family of ten children born within nine years.

Only one of them is a boy, a handsome, sturdy little chap. His three little sisters are even prettier, and, in fact, all four justify their fond mamma in calling them "the sweetest things who ever came down from heaven." Strange to say, each of the little ones is as healthy and bright as the others. Even with twins, one is generally stronger than the other. Still more is this the rule with triplets and quartets.

Not so with the Garneret babies. All are equally robust. Their average weight is five pounds. They are thriving well, and it is evident, so far as their intentions are concerned, that they have come to stay.

The happy couple distinguished as being the parents of this interesting quartet, though poor in this world's goods, are rich in affection for each other, and by their thrift and industry command the respect and regard of their neighbors. Mr. Garneret is of French extraction and is twenty-seven years old. His wife is an American, over whose head the sorrows and joys of thirty-two summers have passed.

At one time he was employed as a section hand on the New York Central Railroad. At the present time he not only manages to make a comfortable living, but to save something for the future as well, which bids fair to have many claims upon him. Happiness smiled upon the youthful couple in their modest home, and as the young wife sang the words of the sweet old ballad "Be the Dwelling e'er so Small, Having Love in Household All," she realized fully their power and truth.

During her husband's absence each day her household duties were lightened, and the cottage home made glad by her cheerful singing. It was a pleasant place to return to when the day's roll was ended and the husband was always sure of a welcome home.

There soon came to the happy pair incentives to greater industry and economy. The joyful singing of the wife changed to the soft and tender lullabies of the mother, as she lovingly rocked the cradle which held the babies—two boys. Their happiness seemed complete, and they greatly rejoiced. Their rejoicing soon turned to mourning, however, for the infants were from their birth sickly, and the love and tenderness of their fond mother could not prevent their being snatched away by death. Their grief over the loss of their babies was intense and could only be assuaged by renewed hopes.

Most industriously and eagerly the young wife plied her needle over wee garments dear to the heart of a mother. When Dr. H. N. Miller, of Lancaster, whose frequent

visits to the cottage had been commented on, confided the news of the arrivals at the home of the Garnerets to one of his fellow townsmen so great was his astonishment that his pipe, which he had been vigorously puffing, fell from his mouth to the ground. Of course, the joyful tidings had to be conveyed to the rest of the community, so he lost no time in informing his wife.

Together the old couple visited the cottage of the Garnerets to tender their congratulations and sympathy. News travels fast. Pretty soon the entire settlement was informed of the important addition to their colony, and they were not slow in appreciating the honor thus conferred upon them. The grandmother of Mr. Garneret was blessed with twins four times in succession, all of whom lived.

MEN WITH ONE IDEA.

Strange Fancies That Have Become the Ruling Passion of Otherwise Sane Minds.

The man with one idea, and that idea the passion, the end-all and the be-all of his life, is a numerous individual, and there is infinite variety in his eccentricity. Call him a crank. If you will, class him with the man who tries to find the elixir of life or upset the force of gravitation, yet he is always interesting, and in a way, he is useful, in that he sets an example of dogged pertinacity.

The perpetual motion crank is as numerous as the wind.

ous as the would-be artificer of a flying machine that really flies. Mr. Keely is the most conspicuous example of the rainbow chasers who are pursuing this alluring phantom, and he has been at it now going on twenty-five years. A famous American engineer ridiculed himself and drove himself mad at the same business, and he built a machine which defied all the experts to explain.

A clever French doctor, who had made a fortune in his profession, spent every penny of it in purchasing expensive chemicals in the attempt to construct a human body and to endow it with life. He died firmly believing that, given another opportunity, he would have realized his great ambition.

There is a man in England who once found his double in the crowd on the Strand. The next instant he lost him, and since then, day in and day out, he has paced up and down that street hoping to catch his physical counterpart again. That is his business in life. Another odd stick is the man who spends his days and nights on railroad trains, trying to break his own record as a globe trotter. There is the man who believes he can solidify the salt in the sea, the man who has a scheme to bridge the Atlantic and the man who dreams of harnessing the tides. This is a very practical age, but it is the age of visionaries. Perhaps, after all, it's the visionaries who keep the world from going backward.

OLD WHISKEY VERSUS NEW.

The Chief Constable of Dumfries, Scotland, is no ascetic, but he has had thirty-three years' practical police experience in a hard-drinking community, and he has just sent an interesting report to the Royal Commission on the Licensing Laws, regarding the relative merits and comparative harmlessness of old whiskey and new. He announces as his opinion that no spirit should be sold that is not at least three years old, and adds:

"It is a well-known fact to myself and the rest of the police in this county that the laboring classes who frequent the public houses where new whiskey is sold, if they take one glass of this new whiskey are 'quarrelsome disposed,' while two glasses are sufficient to put them under the influence of drink. * * * After effects are worse if the whiskey is new than if it is old, and the craving is to indulge further, whereas if the individuals enter a public house where old whiskey is sold, after drinking three or four glasses of whiskey they don't show the same quarrelsome disposition and can be conveyed or assisted

home by their friends or the police. They are generally in a jolly mood, singing and amusing themselves, and are harmlessly disposed, whereas if it was new whiskey it would have quite an opposite effect upon them. The habits of the Scotch laboring classes are, unfortunately, to enter public houses in companies of two, four or six, as the case may be.

"Each individual stands his round to the company, and in many cases it is not the love of drink that causes them to do this, but being considered shabby if they don't 'stand' their round. Hence the evil effects if the whiskey is new. I notice that the habits of the English laboring classes who have been employed in this county are different. Although they drink equally as much as the Scotch laborer, they seldom get under the influence of drink, from the fact that they treat themselves to drink whenever they feel inclined, and are not in the habit of treating, like a Scotch laborer. A distiller, whose premises had been partially burned, told me that he had been making arrangements with other distillers to supply him with new whiskey for a time to keep his customers going. * * * He further stated that he had plenty of whiskey to keep his customers going, from one to five years old, but this they would not have, not even at a cheaper rate. They would have nothing but new whiskey."

MR. CLEVELAND'S HOUSE AT PRINCETON.

The home in Princeton, N. J., which Mr. Cleveland bought from Mrs. Silldell, at a price believed to approximate \$20,000, was built some forty years ago by Commodore Stockton on a part of the historic estate of Morven, which has been in the possession of the Stocktons for upward of 200 years. It was at Morven, then owned by Richard Stockton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, that the first session of the American Congress was held.

Commodore Stockton inherited the property, and brought up his family at Morven. As tutor for his children he engaged William Dod, a graduate of Princeton College, then studying at the theological seminary, and afterward Princeton's most famous preacher when he assumed the rectorship of Trinity Church. His brother was Professor A. B. Dod, of Princeton College.

The young tutor had not been a member of the Commodore's household long before he fell in love with pretty Miss Stockton. Feeling that he had his career all to make, and that he was then in a position at least to savor of dependence, Mrs. Dod, in the spirit of that Bayard, sans peur et sans reproche, from whose family he claimed descent, went to the Commodore and told him that he found it necessary to leave his house. The Commodore urged him to give his reasons, and after much pressure Mr. Dod was persuaded to tell the story of his love.

Without a moment's hesitation the Commodore insisted that the affection between his daughter and the teacher was a reason

rather for Mr. Dod's remaining than leaving the house.

He at once set about building the home for the young people which now is soon to be occupied by the Cleverlands, and decided it to the Rev. William Dod, with about ten acres of the estate of Morven as a wedding gift.

A son of the Commodore later married a sister of the Rev. William Dod, and Bayard Stockton, the present occupant of Morven, was the result of their union. Oddly enough, Morven fronts on Bayard avenue and Stockton street, the boundaries of his estate thus having both his names.

For fifteen years the Rev. William Dod occupied the home provided by his father-in-law, and then died, his wife having preceded him. In winding up his estate for the benefit of the heirs, one of whom is J. B. Dod, a musician of ability, long choir-master and organist of the Little Church Around the Corner, in this city, some of the land was deeded back to the Stocktons, and the house, with the rest, was placed on the market.

Mrs. Silldell, a wealthy widow, hearing that the property was for sale, sent her son William to inspect it and inquire as to the terms. When he had learned all he could, he wrote to his mother, giving her specific details and instructing her to telegraph "Yes" or "No" in regard to the proposed purchase.

Her reply reached him "Do." Supposing that she had simply deviated slightly from his instructions, he went ahead with arrangements for the deal. When Mrs. Silldell heard from her son that the deeds were ready, she decided to abide by his bargain, though she explained that she had wired "No," the telegraph operator having made a mistake of one letter.

Some time after Mrs. Silldell had settled in her new home, William surprised his mother by taking as his wife a young woman who had served her as maid. Mrs. Silldell, senior, however, always had entertained a high regard for her son's bride, and received her kindly. The youngest woman bore herself with so sweet and modest a demeanor, and her education was taken in hand with such success, that she speedily won her way into Princeton society, and old residents recall the story with only the kindest feelings and no touch of that malice which generally dogs the lives of women who "merry above their station."

After William Silldell and his mother had died, Mrs. William Silldell continued to occupy the home for some years, then removing to Baltimore, with her daughters, where she had lived in her youth. The Princeton mansion was advertised for sale for a long time before it found a purchaser in the President.

People of Princeton believe that Mr. Cleveland has decided to make his winter home with them, because he always has been well received there, his wife likes the society of the place, and he will be at once within easy reach of New York and Barnegat Bay.



The Interesting Quartet of Babies Recently Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Garneret.